

GREEN
HORNET
COMICS



NOV-DEC

#31

GREEN HORNET

COMICS

ON THE
AIR
IN THE
MOVIES

10¢
FDC

GREEN
HORNET

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GAME HAS NO
RESPECT FOR
PEOPLE OR PLACES!
IT CAN BE FOUND
IN TENEMENTS...
IN GOLD FIELDS...
ALMOST ANYWHERE
WHERE! BUT AN
ACQUARIUM?
YES, IT IS ALONG
BUILDING-EYED
SEA CREATURES
THAT THE **GREEN
HORNET**
PLUNGES TO
WATERY PERIL IN-

GREEN HORNET

FISHES

FOOLS!



EVERY BODY
MAY SHOULD
RELAX, AND
CERTAINLY
BRITT REED
HAS BEEN
AS BLISS AS
THO HE--
AS NEWS-
PAPER
PUBLISHER
AND GUY
HOBART!

SO HE
DEVELOPED A
VACATION IN
SOUTHERN
WATERS...



AN-- THIS IS THE LIFE! NO
CROOKS -- NO MURDERS --
NOTHING TO DO BUT
LAZE IN THE SUN --
ZZZ -- ZZZ --



2. SUDDENLY A TREMENDOUS SWELL
SLAPS THE IDLING BOAT -- AND
BRITT REED!

WHOA! MUST BE A BIG LINER
PASSING BY!

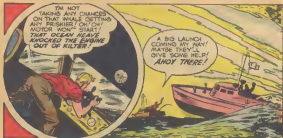


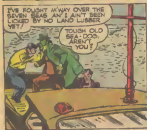
WOW! LOOK
AT THAT!

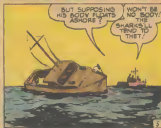


A WHALE! A SPERM WHALE WAY
OFF HOGS GROUNDS!









BUT...WATER HAS A WAY OF SHOCKING AN UNCONSCIOUS PERSON INTO LIFE!

THE BOAT'S SINKING! WHY THOSE DIRTY...SHE'S SETTLED! BUT! GOT TO CLOSE THAT SEA COCK, AND THEN DO SOME FAST BAILING!



LATER-- AFTER A BAILING AND A MOTOR OVERHAULING--

WELL, I'VE GOT MYSELF A CASE -- AND A SCORE TO SETTLE! THOSE TWO WATER BATS WERE HEADING FOR THE HARBOR! GUESS I'LL DO A LITTLE PATROLLING!



LATER-- BRITT JOINS THE CROWD AT THE FAMOUS MARINE AQUARIUM--



SOON BRITT BEID FINDS HIMSELF STROLLING NEAR THE WATERRFRONT WHERE ONE OF THE AQUARIUM'S SPECIMEN CATERING LAUNCHES IS DOCKED--

THERE SHE IS! IT'S THE AQUARIUM BOAT! BUT NOW THE TARRAULIN IS COVERED UP! I WONDER WHAT IT COVERED!



WHAT'S ALL THEM NEWSPAPERSMEN DOING AT THE CHIEF'S OFFICE?

DIDN'T YOU HEAR? THE AQUARIUM DIRECTOR, DOOGS, AND TWO ASSISTANTS ARE MISSING FROM THE LAUNCH THAT JUST GOT BACK! SOME SORT OF ACCIDENT!



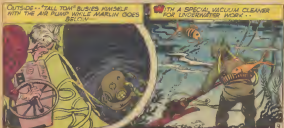
SHOWING HIS CREDENTIALS, BRITT
JOINS OTHER NEWSPAPERMEN IN THE
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR'S OFFICE --



THE WHOLE SEA BOILED UP BENEATH 'EM!
A SPERM WHALE HAD JUST COME UP FOR
AIR! AS IF ALARMED BY BULLETS
AT 'EM--HE NOSED THE BOAT OUT OF THE
WATER, SMASHING IT AND EVERY MAN IN IT!











THE GREEN HORNET IS CAUGHT BY A GIANT SQUID!



A DEADLY STING RAY APPROACHES!



IF THE STINGER ON HIS TAIL HITS ME I'M A GONER!

DESPERATELY, THE GREEN HORNET GRIPS THE RAY'S TAIL --



--AND SINKS THE STINGER INTO THE SAND!



NEED AIR! SHARK APPROACHING! I'M FINISHED!



NOT YET! AS THE POISON CIRCLES THROUGH THE SQUID, IT SHOOTS ITS PROTECTIVE INK INSTINCTIVELY, INADVERTENTLY BLINDING THE SHARK!





FOLLOWING AT A DISTANCE GREEN HORNET TRAILS HIS MAN FOR OVER A MILE FROM THE MARINE AQUARIUM...



WHAT'S HE GOT IN THERE, I WONDER! NOTHING LIKE TAKING A LOOK! HERE GOES!



SO THAT'S WHAT WAS HIDDEN UNDER THE TARRAULIN! AMBERGRIST!



YOU! YOU'VE GOT MORE LIVES THAN A CAT!



AMBERGRIST IS THE EXCREMENT OF A SEXY SPERM-WHALE -- IT IS EXTREMELY VALUABLE AS THE BASE FOR EXPENSIVE PERFUMES...



COUNTERING
THE GREEN
HORNET
QUICKLY
SAVINGS INTO
ACTION!



LAWBREAKERS BEWARE!

The GREEN HORNET

IS ON YOUR TRAIL!

FOLLOW THE BREATHTAKING EXPLOITS OF BUZZ KEND, CREATING NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER AND AS THE GREEN HORNET, TRACKS DOWN CHARACTERS OF THE UNDERWORLD!

THRILLS!
ACTION!
ADVENTURE!
In every issue
of this GREAT
magazine!

ON THE
AIR
IN THE
MOVIES
and
ON YOUR
FAVORITE
COMIC
MAGAZINE

GREEN
HORNET

ASK FOR GREEN HORNET COMICS AT YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE

SPiRiT of 76

THE TERROR OF ALL CRIMINALS, THE SPiRiT OF '76 -- IN REALITY WEST POINT CADET GARY BLAKELY FIGHTS THE FORCES OF EVIL WITH THE AID OF HIS PAL, TUBBY REYNOLDS!!



FOR HIS SUMMER VACATION, GARY BLAKELY VISITS THE LONG ISLAND ESTATE OF HIS FRIENDS, TUBBY AND SUSAN REYNOLDS

LISTEN, TUB--HERE'S ANOTHER ARTICLE--FAMOUS CHARITY TO GO INTO RECEIVERSHIP UNLESS PRIVATE DONATIONS MAKE UP DEFICIT-- GEE, COULDN'T WE GET YOUR GRANDFATHER TO GIVE THEM A GIFT?



NAW! YOU KNOW GRAND-PERE-- HE'S A GOOD EGG BUT HE WOULDN'T GIVE AWAY THE RIGHT TIME! BOY! IF HE CAN'T TAKE IT WITH HIM, HE AIN'T GOIN'!

TOO BAD--IT WAS A GOOD OUTFIT!



AND WHAT'RE YOU TWO COOKING UP NOW?

OH--HULLO, SIS--OH NUTHIN' JUST WONDERIN' WHERE WE CAN GET A THOUSAND DOLLARS-- YOU GOT IT?



ME?? OH, SURE!! WOULD YOU LIKE IT IN TENS OR TWENTIES?-- SILLY BOY! DO I LOOK LIKE MISSUS GILT EDGE?--ASK GRAND-PERE! THE OLD BOY REEKS WITH IT!

BUT I CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH YOUR TRIVIA-- TA/TA!--I'M OFF TO SOMETHING IMPORTANT!

WHAT IN BLAZES HAS GOTTEN INTO SUSAN LATELY? SHE ACTS A LITTLE OFF HER TROLLEY!

SHE'S NUTS! SHE'S GOTTEN ALL HET UP ABOUT SOME YOGI JOKER WHO'S GOT HER RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES!

SPENDTHRIFT!! INGRATE! NO-GOOD!

LOOK!! LOOK AT THIS BANK BOOK! SOMEBODY WITHDREW FIFTY DOLLARS! WHY?? DO YOU THINK I'M MADE OF MONEY?!-- HAH!!?

TUBBY!! DID YOU HEAR THAT? MAYBE WE CAN EXPOSE THIS CHARACTER, SAVE THE CHARITY, AND BRING SUSAN DOWN TO EARTH! COME ON! LET'S GET A DISGUISE AND GO ON DOWN THERE!!

YESSIR!--ER--I MEAN I DIDN'T DO IT, GRAND-PERE! HONEST! THEN IT MUST'VE BEEN SUSAN! THE YOUNG WENCH! SHE PROBABLY NEEDED IT FOR HER YOGI PRACTICE!

YOGI PRACTICE!! BAN!! I'D GIVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS IF I COULD GET HER OUT OF THAT SILLY FOG! BLESS!!

HEY! YOU GOT SOMETHIN'-- I KNOW WHERE THERE'S SOME DARK GLASSES AND FALSE WHISKERS! LET'S GO!!

MEANWHILE, AT THE TEMPLE OF THE YOGI--

I'M SICK OF HITTING THAT REYNOLDS DAME FOR PEANUTS SO I'M GONNA PULL A SNATCH!

WHAT'S A MATTER, YA CRAZY OR SOMETHIN'? YA GOTTA SOFT TOUCH HERE WHY TAKE A CHANCE!

AW, RELAX! IT CAN'T MISS I'M HAVING PETE THE GIMP SEND A COUPLE OF BOYS DOWN TO DO THE JOB!

THEY'LL PRETEND TO KNOCK ME OUT AND TAKE HER-- THEN I'LL ACT AS GO-BETWEEN AND WE CAN BLEED OL' GRAND POP REYNOLDS FOR A FORTUNE-- SWHA! HERE SHE COMES! BEAT IT!!

I THINK YOU'RE IS CRACKED!

PODDEN! WE CAME TO--

I KNOW! I KNOW! NOT SO LOUD!-- SHE'S HERE!! --YOSI MUSTAFA! COME IN! COME IN!!

AH! MISS REYNOLDS! MAY OUR GODDESS SHIMA SMILE ON YOU ALWAYS-- PARDON ME-- SOMEONE IS AT THE DOOR!

LOVELY! LOVELY! SUCH A WOMAN!!
MMMMFFF! I GREET YOU WITH JOY!
MMMMMM! MUMMM!

HEY!
WHAT--
NMPDEFT!

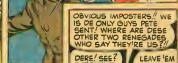
MISS REYNOLDS, MAY I PRESENT THE FAMOUS YOSI'S MUSTAFA AND ER-- LONGBEARD

AH! LOVELY! YOT A PLASURE! SUCH A GORGEOUS WOMAN!!

MAY SHIMA SMILE ON YOU

HUBBA
HUBBA
HUBBA!







YEAH-- DON'T FERSET! 'N' DON'T FERGET THE FIFTY PERCENT OUT EITHER! WE'LL BE SEEN' YA!

Y-YEAH!



OOPS! PARDON ME! I JUST WASHED MY FEET 'N' CAN'T DO A THING WITH 'EM!

OH HO! JUST A MINUTE, FATSO! I WANT A WORD WITH YOU!

DON'T KNOW NO WORDS!--G'BYE!



YOU MEAN GOOD NIGHT!

THE
SPIRIT OF
'76!!

TUBBY! SNAP OUT OF IT! THEY'VE KIDNAPPED SUSAN! TIE UP THESE BIRDS AND THEN CALL THE POLICE--WE'VE GOT TO GET SUSAN BACK--AND I KNOW JUST THE FELLOW FOR THE JOB!...







**DIRECT FROM HIS
PRIVATE FILES OF
FAMOUS CASES**

The
GREEN



HELLO! THIS
IS THE GREEN
HORNET, INVITING
YOU TO JOIN
ME IN
SOLVING
THIS CASE!
LET'S SEE
HOW GOOD
A DETECTIVE
YOU ARE!

CASE
2-XH472

*Murder in the
Baggage Car*

Here's your challenge!

**FOLLOW THE PICTURES · READ THE STORY · THEN
TRY TO SOLVE THIS THRILLING MYSTERY IN
REAL GREEN HORNET FASHION · Caution!
DON'T GIVE AWAY THE SOLUTION TO YOUR FRIENDS ·
SEE IF THEY CAN SOLVE IT THEMSELVES!**



1

I WAS TAKING A TRIP TO FLORIDA
TO TRY MY HAND AT DEEP SEA FISHING
AND WHILE CHECKING MY LUGGAGE IN
THE BAGGAGE CAR... I FOUND
I SPEEDILY DONNED THE MASK OF
THE GREEN HORNET!



2

THE MURDER HAD BEEN
COMMITTED ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE
BECAUSE BLOOD WAS STILL
SPURTING... I BEGAN QUESTIONING
THE PASSENGERS...

THE FORGOTTEN SOUND

Ina Sutton, the popular stage star, lay dead on the floor with a poison bottle clutched in her hand. The medical examiner had placed the time of her death at ten p.m. the night before.

"That's why she didn't answer the phone when I called last night," Raymond Reach, Ina Sutton's manager, mumbled. Police Inspector Hannigan threw Reach a questioning look.

"I called about ten-thirty," Reach continued. "I kept ringing her phone for at least fifteen minutes."

The door to the hotel room flew open, admitting a portly, mottle-faced man. He gasped when he saw the body.

"Good heavens! Is she dead?"

"Like a mackerel. Arsenic poison. Who are you and what do you know of this?" Hannigan demanded.

"I'm John Keele, Ina's next door neighbor and friend. She must have drunk that poison about ten-thirty last night. I heard a thump like a body falling, then there was utter silence," the man said.

"You're sure you heard nothing else?" Hannigan asked. Keele assured him that he had not. Hannigan looked thoughtful, then he said: "I want you, Mr. Keele, and you, Mr. Reach, to call at my office this afternoon at two. I have some further questions to ask both of you."

Keele nodded, and, turning his back to Hannigan, he studied the corpse. Reach stood dazed at the window. "Better make the meeting for three o'clock," Hannigan said suddenly. Reach nodded; Keele kept his back to Hannigan and said nothing.

At five minutes to two, Hannigan sat in his office, waiting. If both Keele and Reach came to his office at three o'clock,

the murder of Ina Sutton would still be unsolved. But if, as he expected, one of the men came at two, the original time set before Hannigan had changed the meeting to the later hour, the murderer would be nailed.

As the minute hand inched to twelve, the door opened and John Keele was ushered in. "I'm right on the dot, I see," he said.

"You mean on the spot?" Hannigan said triumphantly. "Why did you murder Ina Sutton?"

"I . . . murdered Ina?" Keele gasped. "I don't understand!"

"Then I'll explain. You said you 'heard' the thump of a falling body at ten-thirty last night. After that you said there was absolute silence when, as a matter of fact, just at that time Mr. Reach was ringing her telephone. Since you didn't hear the phone ring, I instantly realized you are stone deaf."

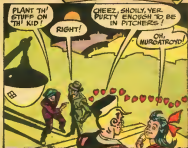
"Deaf! But I'm listening to you now," Keele sneered.

"Yes, but you're not 'hearing' me. You read my lips. I tested my theory this morning. When your back was turned I changed the meeting time here from two to three o'clock. Reach heard me, but since your back was turned, you had no way of knowing what I'd said. That's why you're here at two instead of three.

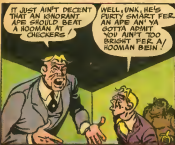
"Since you're deaf, you couldn't have heard the body fall as you said. The fact that you knew Ina Sutton died at ten-thirty, proves you're her murderer."

Keele smiled wanly. He shrugged. "I was Ina Sutton's broker. I gambled with her money, lost it, and she threatened to have me arrested. I killed her to keep her quiet."

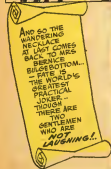
TWINKLE TWIN











THE

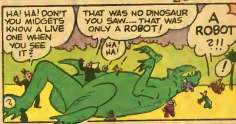
MIGHTY MIDGETS

"SEEING THINGS"









FIRE WITH FIRE!

Fat, forty, and bald, Timothy Swain looked like Humpty Dumpty on a wall as he carefully examined the silver chalice.

"It's a Cellini cup. Worth much money," he said.

The greasy-haired, smooth-talking individual wearing the continental clothes, beamed. I didn't trust "Greasy-hair" in the least.

"I can't pay you what this cup is worth in cash, but I have a genuine Gainsborough miniature that's worth thousands. I'd be glad to exchange it for the cup," Swain said, going to the wall safe and opening it.

"Greasy-hair," who had introduced himself as DeCordova, agreed to the exchange. Swain wobbled back to the table with a small, oval painting set in a gold frame and handed it to DeCordova. DeCordova rose, bowed deeply, and wishing Swain a long and prosperous life, left the room. I was closely scrutinizing the Cellini masterpiece, when Swain spoke.

"That's the most atrocious fake I have ever seen," Swain said matter-of-factly. "It's not even solid silver."

"Fake!" I gasped. "But . . ."

"I don't like crooks," Swain said. "I want to see DeCordova arrested, but, you'll remember, he never claimed that this cup was a genuine Cellini. He merely suggested it, and permitted me to jump to the conclusion that it is genuine. There's no law that says he can't sell a cup to me, fake or not, so long as he himself does not represent it as genuine."

"Are you nuts, Swain? You gave him a painting worth a couple of thousand dollars for a fake Cellini cup that's worth less than five."

"My dear thick-headed fool," Swain said sadly, "my idea is to have DeCordova put behind bars where he won't swindle other honest but stupid people. This is the only way I could do it."

The phone rang and Swain answered it. After a conversation limited to "yes" and "no" on the part of Swain, he hung up.

"Come along," he said, "and I'll show you how I handle swindlers."

I was a surprised individual when we arrived at Captain Emery's office in police headquarters. From a drawer, Captain Emery took the same gold-framed miniature painting Swain had given to DeCordova twenty minutes before.

"That's it!", Swain exclaimed. "I'll press charges immediately."

I was still befuddled when we left headquarters. Swain clucked like a rooster at my bewilderment. Then he explained.

"Since I couldn't have DeCordova arrested for palming off a fake to me, I evolved another plan. Half an hour before I gave the painting to DeCordova, I called the police, described DeCordova, and told them he stole my Gainsborough and wanted him arrested. Now he'll wind up in jail for robbery where he belongs. He won't molest honest people for a long time."

"Slick, Swain," I said. "But suppose DeCordova hadn't been caught? You'd have been out a Gainsborough masterpiece."

Swain clucked again. "I'd have been out nothing. You see, that Gainsborough miniature is a fake, too, worth less than the fake Cellini cup. My motto, my friend, is to fight fire with fire."

HELLO AGAIN!! THIS IS YOUR STORY-TELLER, THE MAN IN BLACK,
BACK AGAIN TO TELL YOU A TALE THAT BEGINS IN SOERABAYA, JAVA,
WHERE A SMALL WEDDING PARTY IS GOING SAYING GOODBYE TO THE
BRIDE'S BROTHER, LIEUTENANT J.B. "BIFF" RYAN, U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS!...
THE DATE: DECEMBER EIGHTH, NINETEEN FORTY-ONE!



THE MAN IN
BLACK
PRESENTS

TALE OF Treachery

OH, BIFF! BIFF!! I'M SO
GLAD YOU CAME!!...COME
BACK AND VISIT US SOON!
PROMISE!

ROGER, SIS!!
WILCO! AS SOON
AS I CAN...AND
YOU BE HAPPY,
HEAR?



...AND YOU SEE THAT SHE STAYS HAPPY,
SIBBOTS! YOU LUG
OR I'LL COME
BACK AND
SPANK YOU!

HAVE NO FEAR,
BIFF! MY MISERABLE
LIFE IS DEDICATED
TO HER JOY! IT IS
THE LEAST I CAN DO
FOR THE HONOR YOU
BOTH HAVE
BESTOWED ON
ME!



WHO EVER THOUGHT WHEN
WE FIRST MET IN COLLEGE
THAT SOMEDAY YOU WOULD
BE THIS UNWORTHY ONE'S
BROTHER-IN-LAW?

-OUR FRIEN-
SHIP WILL
LAST FOR-
EVER!!

RIGHT!!
WELL, KIDS,
I'VE REALLY
GOT TO GO!
-GOODBYE! I'
BE HAPPY!



Powell

CHEERFUL WITH THE THOUGHT
THAT HIS SISTER HAD MARRIED
HIS BEST FRIEND BIFF SPED
BACK TO THE PHILIPPINES...
HAPPILY, HE SNAPPED ON
HIS RADIO TO LISTEN TO
RADIO MANILA...

...WE INTERRUPT TO REPEAT,
AT 7:45 SUNDAY MORNING,
DECEMBER 8th... DECEMBER
SEVENTH, SAN FRANCISCO
TIME, A STRONG WAVE OF
JAPANESE BOMBERS
ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR,
HAWAII... CAUGHT
UNAWARES THE...
CLICK!!!

PEARL HARBOR! WAR! AND
MY SISTER IS THE BRIDE
OF SUBOTO DEATO... A JAP!
AN ENEMY! MY ENEMY!
- IT MUST BE A MISTAKE!
IT'S GOT TO BE!!

AND THE YELLOW CONQUER-
ERS FELL FURTHER AND
FURTHER BACK UNTIL
INVASION STARED THEM IN
THE FACE! IT IS NOW
MAY, 1945, FOUR BITTER
YEARS LATER!

OKAY COLONEL RYAN, WE'RE
APPROACHING
THE JAP COAST! ROSSER,
NAVIGATOR!

READY WITH
YOUR
CAMERA,
SERGEANT!

READY
SIR!!

BUT IT WASN'T A
MISTAKE... AND THE
HORDES OF PAJ OVERRAN
THE PACIFIC, BUTCHERING
AND PLUNDERING... KINGS
OF THEIR ALL-GOTTEN
DOMAIN... AND THEN IT
CAME... GUADALCANAL...
THE BATTLE OF THE
CORAL SEA... IWAJIMA...
AND JIMA AND THE
RECONQUEST OF
MANILA!

OKAY!... START...
LOOK OUT!...
NIGHT FIGHTERS!!

SERGEANT "BROOKS"
ON LORD "THE FIRST
BURST OUT
THEM BOTH "



AND IT VERY NEARLY GOT HIM, TOO... HIS PLANE A FLAMING
TOUCH HE WRESTLED WITH THE CONTROLS DESPERATELY
TRYING TO STRAIGHTEN IT OUT AS IT PLUNGED TOWARD
THE EARTH "









CURSE YOU!! I'LL...UH??
DARKK!! UHH...



OH BIFF!! I-I
HAD T-TO
K-KILL HIM!!
I-I...

SHH!! OF COURSE, SWEET!!
BUT DON'T CRACK UP NOW!!
-I'VE GOT A PLAN AN' IT'S
ALL UP TO YOU!! LISTEN...
YOU'RE ABOUT HIS HEIGHT, AND
YOU CAN SPEAK THIS JAP
LANGUAGE... IT'S NUTS, BUT
MAYBE IT'LL WORK! BUCK
UP! WE'VE GOT WORK TO
DO!

DIRECTING HIS
SISTER TO PUT ON
THE DEAD MAN'S
UNIFORM BIFF
HAD HER BOOPY
CALL FOR GUARD
AND HAVE HIM
TAKEN OUT TO
THE CAR
AGAIN.
THAT WAS
EASY...

UNINSPECTED THEY WENT TO
THE AIRPORT AND SIS ASKED
FOR A PLANE... THE FAT OFFICER
IN CHARGE BALKED AND YOU
SHOULD HAVE HEARD HER!!
-SHE CARRIED OUT HER ACT
PERFECTLY SCREAMING TRUE
JAP FASHION... *NG! DOG!!*
-I TAKE THIS PRISONER TO
THE EMPEROR AND YOU
QUESTION ME!! THE
EMPEROR SHALL HEAR
OF THIS... THE JAP GAVE
THEM THEIR
PLANE!

HE EVEN ESCORTED
THEM TO HIS OWN
FAST SRR... BOWING
AND GROVELLING...
-A MECHANIC
GUNNED THE ENGINE
AND THE PROP WASH
BLEW OFF SIS'S
HAT AND HER LONG
BLONDE HAIR STREAMED
IN THE WIND...

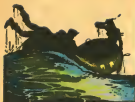
BIFF DIDN'T WASTE
A SECOND! GET IN!!
HE YELLED AND
THEN SPINNING
AROUND HE PASTED
THE ASTONISHED
GUARDS!



BEFORE THEY COULD COLLECT THEIR WITS... HE WAS IN THE PLANE AND WITH FULL
FLAPS AND THROTTLE WIDE OPEN ZOOMED DOWN THE RUNWAY...







BOYS! GIRLS!

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AVAILABLE!**



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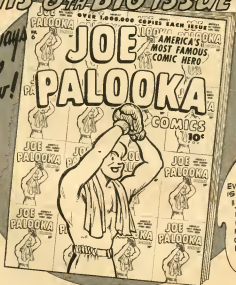
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